

## THE KING WHO WAS A PAUPER

By Frances Wilson  
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The king was in his counting house, but he was not counting out his money. He left such details as that to the henchmen who sat in the large outer office under the soft radiance of green shaded electric lights, adding up columns in a perfunctory manner and dreaming, to a man, of what they would do if they were king.

A modest door, upon the glass of which was inscribed in small, neat letters "Mr. Allston," led into the king's private room, where Turkish rugs smothered the floor and leather covered chairs were ranged along the wall. There was also a low bookcase, which contained such invaluable biographical dictionaries as Bradstreet's and Dun's, to say nothing of Poor's Railroad Manual, Somebody's Street Railways and a number of similar works, which constituted the king's solid reading, though he had once observed dryly that "they contain more fiction than you'd suppose from the titles."

The king was sitting at his desk, tracing with a lead pencil crude squares and rectangles on the pad before him. The buzz of Wall street, softened to a gentle murmur by the height, came in through the open windows, and a soft breeze fluttered the papers on his desk and filled the room with its freshness, just to let him know that it was April.

The breeze was damp and cool, as if it had blown across moist, earthy places where the violets were pushing upward instead of across acres of metal roof. It ruffled the king's thick hair as nonchalantly as if he had been a mere commoner and somehow set him to thinking of the queen.

He stopped making squares and rectangles and began to scribble something on the pad instead, something that would have made the clerks in the outer office open their eyes and stare in wonder could they have seen it, for it was quite sentimental and had nothing whatever to do with stocks and bonds:

O, faint, delicious springtime violet,  
Thine odor like a key,  
Turns noisily in memory's wards  
To let a thought of sorrow free!

Indeed, the king himself was aghast when he looked at what he had written, and he tore the sheet from the pad with a hurried, guilty air and crumpled and crushed it into a small wad before he threw it into the wastebasket. Then he took it out again and tore it into small pieces, a precaution which was entirely unnecessary, as no one had ever been able to read more than two consecutive words of the king's writing, and, besides, no one in the world would have believed him capable of quoting poetry.

He went back to his squares and rectangles again, his mind busy with the days before his millions had made him a serene highness. In those days, he remembered, he and the queen used to take long walks in the park when he could get away from the office in time. She called it their picture gallery and affected a fine scorn for the people who gushed over their Corots, Milletts or Bouscassons, but gave never a thought to the real thing—the tender greens, the misty grays, the last flush of sun in the western sky, against which the trees stood out in velvety, mysterious darkness. "We get our beauty at first hand," she was wont to say gayly, "instead of on small pieces of canvas which reek of man instead of God." And they had gone their way through the soft April twilights or sensuous summer dusks, in love with life and the world.

But that was all very long ago! The king gave a weary little sigh as he realized how long. The queen—he liked to think of it all as hers—had "one of the finest private galleries in America" now, and she drove in the park on spring afternoons rather bored and disillusioned and certainly too busy in bowing to the occupants of other carriages to give much time to the beauty about her. It no longer gave her a thrill of delight to notice how the gray of the leafless trees sometimes melted into a pale amethyst nor did it touch her with a subtle sadness to watch the sunset through a network of bare branches. It is only the poor who have time to appreciate nature's free exhibitions.

Even kings have their bad quarter hours, though you couldn't make any of the clerks in the outer office believe it. In this particular case, for instance, not one of them divined that his majesty was sitting there in his luxurious private room longing for the old days before he was king, living over the days when he and the queen were first married—those exciting days when he could scarcely get home fast enough in his eagerness to tell her perhaps that the time had come when she might afford the pale green carpet and mahogany furniture upholstered to match which she had so long coveted for her little drawing room.

And the pink brocade hangings! The king smiled reminiscently as he thought of them, for they were a surprise. She never dreamed that they had reached that point of affluence where they could afford them, and he had decided to surprise her with them. He could still see the shine in her eyes and the flush on her cheeks when they came home! The portrait painters should have done her then, the king thought discontentedly.

Well, the queen had her carriage now and a retinue of servants and Paris gowns galore, but none of these things had ever brought the light to her eyes that had shone there when she brocade

hangings came home. Life had given her all her wishes and flitted from her—fast. It seemed rather tragic to the poor king at this moment that the very success to which she had been his chief inspiration had become the ocean upon which they were drifting apart; not intentionally—heaven forbid, that—but like two ships when the cable that lashed them together had been sundered.

It was the price they paid for a lion's share of the world's money. There was something chummy and intimate about a six room apartment with one maid which a house of the king really did not know how many rooms and a host of servants could not possibly attain.

Then it comes about naturally enough that queens should breakfast in bed and that kings have their clubs and that both should feel obliged to respond to the thousand and one demands upon their time until they neglect each other from sheer weariness. If there had been boys and girls about the great house, the king told himself with a sore sense of desolation about his heart, things might have been different.

He took out his watch. It was just 4 o'clock.

"Call up my house," was the brief command to the boy who appeared in response to his ring, "and ask for Mrs. Allston."

They would go for a walk in the park once more, he and the queen, and revive the old times before they were rich and stupid. And he would tell her—he felt as shy as a boy at the thought—how the breeze had suddenly set him to thinking of her and the old days and he had found himself scribbling that favorite verse of hers, did she remember, "O, faint, delicious springtime violet," and—

The tinkle of the telephone bell at his side interrupted him.

"An engagement at 5? Can't you break it?" The king's voice was full of disappointment and appeal, and the queen, who stood serene and beautiful at the other end of the wire, wondered languidly what was the matter. "Very well. I may not be home for dinner. Sorry you couldn't go." And the king hung up the receiver with an odd sense of loneliness and failure.

He pulled down his desk cover with a bang, picked up his gloves and strode out, followed by a dozen pairs of envious eyes, and all the time he was asking himself bitterly what it profits a man if he gain the whole world and lose the sweetest thing in life—the soul to soul companionship which made the old life dear.

"After all," mused the assistant stenographer as the click of the elevator door announced that he was really gone, "I sometimes imagine that the king isn't quite happy." And then she rested her tired head upon her hand and tried to wonder what it would be like to have plenty of money.

### Changed Her Name.

Mrs. Pigg, a very charming and vivacious widow, called recently on a legal friend of hers, a widower, to consult him on a matter of interest to her. "You know, sir," she said to him, "that when the late Mr. Pigg died he left me all his fortune, much to my satisfaction, of course, but he handicapped it with the name of Pigg, which I must say I don't like."

"Well," ventured the lawyer, "I presume a handsome woman isn't especially complimented by being left a Pigg." "I should say not," she laughed. "Now, what I came to see you about was whether or not I must execute what you call a deed poll to get it changed."

"Um—er," he hesitated, as if wrestling with a great legal problem, "um—er—yes, but an easier way is to apply to a parson, and I'll pay all the expenses myself."

It was sudden, but a widow is never caught napping, and she appointed that evening for another consultation.

### Based on the Absent.

Flowery Young Clergyman (conducting a children's service while occupying a pulpit for a brother clergyman en route to Europe)—Well, children, I am very glad to be able to address you today. I'd a great deal rather talk to you children than to the older people, for I love children. But instead of talking to you I want to talk with you. So when I ask any questions, you may answer promptly. Now, children, what have we to be thankful for today?

Children—Flowers, birds, sunlight, church, school, homes.

Young Clergyman—All very well, children, very well. But whom do we miss today?

Children (viva voce)—Mr. Twitchell. Young Clergyman—Quite right, children, quite right. We all miss Mr. Twitchell. Who can tell me where he is today?

Children—On the ocean. Young Clergyman (poetically)—Yes, children, on the ocean and half seas over.

### A Man and His Pension.

Mr. Ware, the commissioner of pensions, received a letter from a man in Illinois a few days ago which read:

"I am now getting a pension of \$30 a month. Recently the Lord has prospered me, and I do not think I should get so much money. I gave my services to the country, and I think I should have some pension, of course, but I think \$30 a month is too much. Is there any way I can have my pension reduced or suspended while I enjoy the prosperity that is mine at present?"

This is the only request for a reduction of pension ever received by the bureau. It was referred to the pension examiner in the district in which the man lived, who reported as follows:

"I have the honor to inform you that the person who applied for a reduction in his pension is now in the insane asylum at this place and has been for some time."

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### ANCIENT CHAIRS.

The Seats Used by the Egyptians in Early Historic Times.

Seats more or less resembling stools—that is, seats without backs—were in general use among nations possessing a certain degree of civilization in prehistoric times. What those were like in the early historic period we know from an examination of Egyptian monuments, from a study of Greek vases or from Etrurian or Roman antiquities that are stored in European museums. The Egyptian deities are seated generally on granite blocks, the backs of which are raised a few inches, only, giving a distant resemblance to a chair. That the Egyptians had seats more comfortable for domestic use is possible, but we have every reason to suppose, although they possessed a high degree of civilization, that their idea of home comforts was not that of modern times.

The common people probably sat on blocks of stone or wood or sprawled about on the ground with some sort of carpet that also served for a bed. The Etrurians, ancient inhabitants of Italy before the arrival of the Romans, appear to have preferred the reclining posture, in which they are usually represented on the sarcophagi in the museums.

### WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP.

Just Pretend You Don't Want to and You'll Soon Drop Off.

When we are kept awake from our fatigue the first thing to do is to say over and over to ourselves that we do not care whether we go to sleep or not, in order to imbue ourselves with a healthy indifference about it. It will help toward gaining this wholesome indifference to say: "I am too tired to sleep, and therefore the first thing for me to do is to get rested in order to prepare for sleep. When my brain is well rested it will go to sleep; it cannot help it. When it is well rested it will sleep just as naturally as my lungs breathe or as my heart beats."

Another thing to remember—and it is very important—is that an overworked brain needs more than the usual nourishment. If you have been awake for an hour and it is three hours after your last meal take half a cup or a cup of hot milk. If you are awake for another two hours take half a cup more, and so, at intervals of about two hours, so long as you are awake throughout the night. Hot milk is nourishing and a sedative. It is not inconvenient to have milk by the side of one's bed, and a little saucepan and a spirit lamp.—Leslie's Weekly.

### WOODEN BREAD.

It Is Possible to Make a Palatable Loaf From Sawdust.

As long ago as 1834 Professor Anterith of Tübingen succeeded in making a tolerably good quarter loaf out of a deal board. Everything soluble was removed by maceration and boiling; the wood was then reduced to fibers, dried in an oven and ground, when it had the taste and smell of corn flour. A sponge was then made by the addition of water and the sour leaven of corn flour, and it was baked and found to be better than a compound of bran and corn husks.

Wood flour boiled in water forms also a nutritious jelly, which the professor found both palatable and wholesome in the form of gruel, dumplings and pancakes.

Professor Brande has also recorded the making of bread from woody fiber. He says: "Before me is a specimen imported from Sweden. Seeing the close relation between the composition of starch and lignine, the conversion of the latter into bread does not seem so remarkable." He also cannot praise the quality of such bread.

### Spots on the Fur of Animals.

Although we are told that the leopard cannot change his spots, it is certain that the markings on the fur of some animals do change. Especially is this true where the animal has a distinctive winter coat. This change has been studied by Barrett Hamilton, a British naturalist, who is of opinion that whitening of the fur generally accompanies development of fatty tissue, which is manifestation of insufficient oxidation and hence of atrophy, which shows itself in a whitening of the hair. In some animals—man for instance—this atrophy is manifested by baldness. That fat men are often bald is thus something more than a coincidence.—Success.

### The Tick of a Clock.

The "tick tock" that is universally regarded as the sound of both pendulum and spring clocks has been investigated by Dr. Rosenbach, a Berlin psychologist. He finds that the "tick" results when the right arm of the escapement anchor strikes a cog of the wheel moving upward, while the "tock" is produced when the other arm strikes a cog moving downward. The different conditions give different acoustic effects.

### Unreasonable.

"What are you kicking about?" asked the lawyer.

"Why, we won the case," replied the client, "but I can't see what I get out of it."

"You get enough to pay your lawyer's fees, don't you? What more do you want?"—Chicago Post.

### Nothing Like the "Old School."

"I wish I could send my boy to the old school," said Hawkins. "These gentlemen of the old school always seem to know everything."

I consider time as a treasure, decreasing every night, and that which every day diminishes soon perishes forever.—Sir William Jones.

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